

## FUN AND PHILOSOPHY.

When Duffy Was on the Bench.

Patrick Gavan Duffy, for twenty years a police justice in New York, but recently retired, was a mine for the reporters while he was on the bench. The New York World gathers up some interesting and characteristic things concerning him:

A judicious selection of the things Judge Duffy has said and done would undoubtedly make an amusing book, but as a severe critic of public men and institutions he would hardly receive much attention.

That he was really funny at times some of his remarks hereafter quoted will show. It is probable that in the course of his long experience as a police justice he never passed on a case without delivering himself of some odder dictum.

He was originally a public school teacher and graduated at the Columbia College Law School before becoming a police justice. He has always retained a pedagogical manner. He is in the habit of flattery description, "a student of refinement and cultivation; a student, particularly of Shakespeare and the Bible, and the possessor of an ornate diction." His conversation, it may be said, is marked by a nice derangement of epithets.

When the prisoner pleaded that he was a stranger from some distant part—say St. Lawrence county—and not an old offender, Duffy would ask him how far it was from some little-known village in that county to another. If the man gave what appeared to be a correct answer the learned magistrate would say:

"Discharged for your knowledge of the geography of Northern New York!" If the offender alleged that he followed some reputable calling, Duffy would ask him some question pertaining to it. For instance a printer was brought before him.

"So you are a printer," said Duffy. "How many ems can you set in an hour?"

"Two thousand."

"Too many. Ten dollars fine for telling a lie."

It was a curious thing that the prisoner was seldom punished for the offense for which he was arrested, but for telling a lie, disgracing an honored name or something of that sort.

A young reporter was once sent to Essex Market police court for the first time. Duffy, who was then sitting there, became aware of this fact and said:

"Young man, I will show you how the duties of this office should be conducted. Watch me carefully."

A young woman came forward and asked him to issue a warrant for the arrest of a certain east side dentist.

"Well, what's he done?" inquired Duffy.

"He stole my teeth, your honor."

"Stole your teeth, eh? What did he do that for?"

The young woman explained that the dentist was her lover, and that she wore false teeth. They (the lovers) fell out, and the dentist in some unexplained manner became possessed of her teeth, which he held and refused to give up. The story seemed to tickle the justice immensely. His face assumed a serious expression, boding some fine jest, and he said solemnly:

"Young woman, do you know what I advise you to do?"

"What is that, sir?"

"Eat soup. Go home and do it."

A grimy-looking, red-bearded man was arraigned on a charge of drunkenness. As soon as he had taken his place before the bar Duffy stared at him a while thoughtfully. Then he said:

"Step up here and lay your head down on the desk, my good man."

The man mounted the platform and did as directed. The justice placed his hand on that portion of the head which grows bald first and felt around with an air of abstraction. His examination appeared to be unsatisfactory, for after a few moments he muttered softly to himself:

"No, no, it is not he; it is not he."

Then he turned to the reporter and said:

"I thought that fellow was a man who had been up before me about five years ago, but I was wrong. I could have told him by a small bump situated on the crown of the head. Discharged."

Here is a selection of reported specimens of Duffy's wit on the bench:

"You say your name is Patrick Duffy? Ten dollars for disgracing the honored name of Duffy."

"John Diamond, you are not very bright this morning. I will send you to the island for three months. They will polish you there."

"The officer says you were holding up an awning-post. You had no right to do that. Ten dollars fine for assaulting the awning-post."

"A veterinary surgeon? You haven't got what is generally known as horse sense."

"John Kelly! I will discharge you because you bear the name of one of the noblest of men that ever lived. If you disgrace that name again I will send you up for six months."

"So you're a cook. You drank the wine you ought to have put in the pudding. Ten dollars."

"Jeremiah. Your parents were cruel when they gave you that name. Discharged because your name is Jeremiah."

"Why did you strike this man? Haven't struck a man for thirty-seven years."

"Good morning, madam. I'm glad to see you. You're the first Chinese lady I've met."

"You are a first warden? So am I. It's a healthy place for a man to live. You get the breeze from the Battery. You won't get any for the next five days."

"I am looking at your client, counsellor. He doesn't dazzle my eyes with his beauty."

"You were cold, were you? and had taken a few drops to make you warm? They will keep you warm on the island for three months."

"You are sorry, are you? So am I. Go inside and be sorry for ten days."

"Do you know what a swine is? A swine is a pig. That is what you made of yourself last night."

"You say you were never here before. You were before me three months ago. Your nose has betrayed you."

"Looking for your lady friend, were you? You'll find her on the island."

"So you're a tinmith. I employed a tinmith once, and he repaired the leak, but made two more, so that I had to get him again on the next rainy day. Lought to give you six months. Get out of here. Try to get an honest job."

"Why don't you beat that boy? If he was my boy I would take him into the wood-house and give him a dozen welts across his bare back."

"These crocodile tears have saved you. The next time you come here don't cry like a woman, but speak out like a man."

"At Essex Market police court a man came before him and asked to have his five children committed to an institution."

"Why don't you take care of them?" asked Duffy.

"My wife is dead," said the man,

"and they need a woman to look after them."

"Then go and get a wife," said the justice. There are plenty of them."

The applicant took the advice, and a year later the new wife came, and complained of the conduct of her step-children. She was told to go home and make the best of it.

These instances of Duffy's art and eccentricity might be spread over pages, but enough of them have been given to show what sort of man the police bench has lost.

A Michigan Farmer's Courtship.

The funny man of the Detroit Free Press must have caught this with a punnygraph:

A very anxious young farmer, rigged out in his Sunday clothes, and his red necktie visible half a mile away, called at the Twelfth street police station the other day and asked the warrant in charge if he would answer a legal question for him.

"Perhaps so—what is it?" was the reply.

"Well, what is breach of promise?"

"It is going back on the girl you are engaged to marry."

"But what is an engagement in law?"

"Leading the girl to think you intend to marry her."

"Haven't you got to ask her to have you right out?"

"No. What is your case? How far did you go?"

"Well, I said to her that I thought we'd make a good team if hitched up, but that wasn't nothing."

"It wasn't, eh? It was the same thing as asking her to be your wife. Ever call her pet names?"

"I think I called her Birdie a few times."

"Ever write any loving letters to her?"

"I began my letters: 'Darling One, I think...'"

"Well, you are stuck, and if you want to go to state prison for fourteen years you just try to give that girl the shakel better go right home and marry her."

"Jupiter? but I've got to! I kinder thought she had the lift on me, but wanted to be sure. I've offered her a boss to give up my letters and quit aim on me, but she wouldn't do it. I'll add twenty-four saw logs and four cords of wood, and if she still refuses I'll have to toe the chalk-line. So callin' a gal Birdie is askin' her to marry you?"

"About the same thing."

"Salt peter! but if that's the case I'll have about twenty of 'em in my hair. Which street leads to Canada?"

"Keep right down this street."

"And he was walking in the snow in the middle of the road as far as they could trace him."

A Difference in the Morning.

This is a touch of life at the national capital as seen by the Washington Star:

"And what did you say?" inquired the slim girl eagerly.

"I told him that I would never tolerate it again," answered the stout girl determinedly.

"It is just like my case," sighed the slim girl sadly. "Men think we are devoid of feeling. Yesterday morning he came down to the office two hours late. When I am two minutes late he makes as much fuss as if he had swallowed his toothpick."

"But, oh! what a hilarious, joyous jag he must have had the night before! Nevertheless his attire looked as if he had just stepped out of a bandbox."

"Men always try to brace up the morning after, my brother Jack says," interrupted the stout girl, with a well-posed air.

"But in my eyes—two great round burnt holes in an army blanket. I heard him tell Jim that his tongue had a coating on it thick enough to plant potatoes and rich enough to grow strawberries. There were thirty-five letters to be answered, too, dear. One was in a square, perfumed envelope, which he hastily jammed in his inside pocket—his wife couldn't have written him so early, could she?"

"She might," said the stout girl, reflectively. "They say wives sometimes write their husbands notes to remind them of daily commissions."

"And then his hands trembled dreadfully. I heard him tell Jim that he was shaking like a suspension bridge while twenty freight trains were going over it at full speed. He was terribly muddled, too."

"Was he really muddled?" inquired the stout girl, interestedly.

"Awfully! He could scarcely intelligently answer the correspondence, and when the business of the day piled up on his desk he couldn't handle it at all—he was in a terrible stew. I heard him tell Jim that his head felt as big as the cable power-house fly-wheel and was going around forty times as fast. He leaned his forehead constantly on his hand, and I heard him tell Jim that it was as hot as the blasts of the hottest and biggest furnace in—well, you know what he said—and was throbbing like the triple-expansion engines of a twin-screw Atlantic liner in a race."

"Poor fellow!" was the sympathetic rejoinder of the stout girl.

"Oh, he doesn't deserve any sympathy," said the slim girl, sharply. "I offered him my sympathy—all the good it did. I ventured in my sweetest tones: 'Are you feeling very unwell, Mr. Premium?'"

"What do you think the brute said?"

"What?" said the stout girl, expectantly.

"Miss Poundthekeys, just suppose you mind your own business, will you? I couldn't think of repeating the dreadfully wicked adjectives he used."

"The wretch!"

"I afterwards heard him tell Jim that the English language was inadequate to express a tenth part of his emotion, so I partially forgave him. When 2 o'clock came he closed his desk with a bang, with a lot of unfinished business on it. I heard him tell Jim that while insurance was all right generally, he didn't give a green, goggle-eyed, Chinese dragon-joss configuration if the capital burned down—he was going home to bed. Then he gave me enough copying and work to keep me busy for a fortnight, saying that he expected it at 9 o'clock this morning."

"What did you say, dear?"

"I just told him 'I was his type-writer I wasn't his slave, and that I would discharge him on the spot.'"

"Heavens! you didn't tell him that to his face, did you?" cried the stout girl, apprehensively.

"No," admitted the slim girl, hesitatingly, "but I said it just as soon as he got out of hearing."

Stimulate the Blood.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are the great blood purifier. They are a purgative and blood tonic, they act equally on the bowels, the kidneys, and the skin, thus cleansing the system by the natural outlet of the body—they may be called the purgative sudorific and diuretic medicine. They stimulate the blood so as to enable nature to throw off all morbid humors, and cure disease no matter by what name it may be called. One or two of them taken every night will prove an infallible remedy.

Sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar coated.

BRANCH'S PILLS for a bad liver.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

## OUT IN THE STATE.

There was a wedding last week in New interest district of this county in which both of the contracting parties have passed the scriptural high water mark of old age at "three score years and ten," the groom being seventy-four and the bride seventy-one. This is the second marriage for both parties and the bride in this wedding was the fifth wife of her first husband. The happy couple is Thomas Jefferson Anderson and Mrs. Thiray Murphy, both of this county. —*Randolph Enterprise.*

A party of New Yorkers will build a railroad from Loup creek in Fayette county to Boyer's Fork in Raleigh county, with a branch down Piney creek, perhaps.

McDowell county is gradually getting out of the woods. The county court has decided to build a jail, something the county never had. It has no court house.

From Elizabeth, W. Va., comes a new paper, the *Kanawha News*, published by Shirley H. Mitchell.

The new U. B. church at Belington was dedicated by Bishop Castle Sunday.

## LIVER AND KIDNEYS.

A Physician Scores a Point Too Important to Be Lost.

New York Times.

Calves' livers and lambs' kidneys, prepared in various appetizing ways, are deservedly popular breakfast and luncheon dishes. A physician the other day inserted this caution: "I never permit either liver or kidney dishes on my table," said he. "If the animal from which they are taken has any sort of constitutional taint it will be present in one or the other of these vital parts. Its flesh may be wholesome while the liver or kidney will be diseased, and I prefer to take no chances."

It is further suggested that neither should be used without a thorough cleansing in strong salt water, and in the case of the kidneys it is well to leave them over night in this.

Ladies' Privileges Restricted.

LONDON, Jan. 17.—Owing to the abuse of the privileges accorded ladies to visit the house of commons, Sir Arthur Wilesley Peet, the speaker, will issue stringent regulations to be enforced at the coming session of Parliament, limiting the presence of ladies in the gallery of the house. Members will be permitted to entertain ladies on the terrace fronting the Thames. The privilege heretofore allowed ladies to sit in the gallery to watch the proceedings of the house will only be granted on special occasions.

Death From Impure Water.

BERLIN, Jan. 17.—Seven deaths from cholera disorders have occurred at the lunatic asylum at Halle, Prussian Saxony. The cause of the disorders has been traced to the impure water at the asylum.

A Street Car Struck.

CHICAGO, Jan. 16.—Late to-night a street car containing six people was run down at the Forty-seventh street crossing of the Rock Island tracks by a locomotive of that road. All the passengers were injured, and one of them, William Collins, a police officer, will die.

\$100 Reward \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh, being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

E. J. Cheever & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c. DAW

A new broom sweeps clean; so will an old one in the hands of a new janitor.—*Union Standard.*

A Million Friends.

A friend in need is a friend indeed, and not less than one million people have found just such a friend in Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds. If you have never used this great cough medicine, one trial will convince you that it has wonderful curative powers in all diseases of throat, chest and lungs. Each bottle is guaranteed to do all that is claimed or money will be refunded. Trial bottles free at the Logan Drug Company's drug store. Large bottles 50c and \$1.

What's a secret good for, anyway, if not to tell?—*Somerville Journal.*

Wm. Ely's Cream Balm—a child can be treated without pain and with perfect safety. It cures catarrh, hay fever and colds in the head. It is easily applied into the nostrils and gives immediate relief. Price 50 cents. MFWAW

The Only One.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is "the only one" running solid vestibuled electric-lighted and steam-heated trains between Chicago, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Milwaukee, La Crosse, Winona, St. Paul and Minneapolis, making direct connection at Council Bluffs and Omaha with all lines for all points in Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Oregon, Washington, Nevada and California; at St. Paul, with all lines for all points in the Northwest and Puget Sound.

It now operates over six thousand miles of thoroughly equipped road, in Illinois, Wisconsin, Northern Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Iowa, South and North Dakota.

Through sleeping cars between Chicago and Portland, Ore., over Northern Pacific railroad via Jamestown, Butte, Spokane Falls, Tacoma and Seattle. If you are going West to locate or visit you will save money by writing to Wm. Kelly, Jr., traveling passenger agent, No. 50 South Third street, Philadelphia, for rates of fare, maps, time tables and full information furnished free. All coupon ticket agents in the United States and Canada have tickets over the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway; ask for them.

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**\$3.00 SHOE—W. L. DOUGLAS.**

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**W. L. DOUGLAS** FOR GENTLEMEN.

A sewed shoe that will not rip; calf, seamless, smooth inside, more comfortable, stylish and durable than any other shoe ever sold at the price. Every style. Equals custom-made shoes costing from \$4 to \$5.

The following are of the same high standard of merit:

- \$4.00 and \$5.00 Fine Calf, Hand-Sewed.
- \$3.50 Police, Farmers and Letter-Carriers.
- \$3.50, \$4.25 and \$5.00 for Working Men.
- \$3.00 and \$1.75 for Youths and Boys.
- \$3.00 Hand-Sewed.
- \$2.50 and 2.00 Dongola, LADIES.
- \$1.75 for Misses.

**IT IS A DUTY you owe yourself to get the best value for your money. Economize in your footwear by purchasing W. L. Douglas Shoes, which represent the best value at the prices advertised as thousands can testify. Do you wear them?**

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